

Sylvia's Revenge,
OR, A
SATYR
AGAINST
MAN;
IN
ANSWER
TO THE
Satyr AGAINST Woman.

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Salvator mundi

1512

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THE
Epistle Dedicatory
TO THOSE

Snarling Currs
THE
CRITICKS.

AND why all this Noise and Splutter against the *Women*, Harmless Creatures! What have they done to deserve so many *Lampoons*, *Libels*, *Satyrs*? But methinks Gentlemen 'tis not fair Dealing to commit Acts of open Hostility before you Proclaim a War. And we know what Feats you brag have been done, by your little *Fire-ship*, call'd the *Satyr* against *Woman*: This Preface therefore is only to let you know, that we have rigg'd out a Female *Man of War* (if that been't Nonsense) with 30 Guns of a side, which Egad Gentlemen, (as Mr. *Bays* has it) we hope will maul you; and so much for that Point.

But

But Now---what now? why, it seems 'twas *Nero*, and not *Caligula*, that made such a *Wish* mentioned in page 2d. Why Gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse the want of Learning in a *Woman*; since upon my word, I never read *Suetonius* nor *Tranquillus*, for you all know, That a *Box of Marmalade*, *Culpeppers Midwifery*, a *Prayer-Book*, and two or three *Plays*, is all the *Furniture* of a *Womans Study*.

If any of the Characters suite with some Persons to to me unknown; I solemnly profess, there is not one of them level'd against any person whatsoever, but a Skilful Painter may by the strength of Fancy, draw a Face representing some body, tho' no body fit for the Picture.

Madam,

Madam,

TH' Invasion first with fierce Assaults began,
And scatter'd wild Disorder as it ran,
It was a War betwixt our Sex and Man.
With haughty Pride the bold Tryumphers boast,
And Cry the weaker Vessel's sunk and lost;
Trophies along the gaudy Strand display'd,
And never such Insulting Peans made.
Yet true it is, without a blush we own,
Our Force in part was scatter'd and o'rethrown:
With fright Surpris'd we knew not then the Foe,
With Noise they hurry'd on, and flash'd with show;
Yet still unmov'd our Body did remain,
They only took some Straglers on the plain.
To you the News with winged-hast we bore,
You Smil'd, and bid us stand, and said no more.
Long you delay'd indeed to aid us there,
And they mistook your Scorn of them, for fear.
You sent one Muse to View their Strength, she came
And told you 'twas but Noise and babling Fame.
Unguarded, and how loose the Forces lay,
And would you then advance you'd win the Day.
With this alarm'd your God-like-Genius rose,
Lord! how agast appear'd your frightened Foes?
At your approach, foil'd and disarm'd they yield,
And scatter strange Confusion o're the Field.
With Numbers sweetly rank't you brought us aid,
And shew you can defend us and invade:
Submissive at your Feet their General Graves,
And you at Pleasure wound the basst'd Slaves.

M. P.

A
S A T Y R
A G A I N S T
M A N.

Then must it thus, *Ye Heavens* for ever be,
 Will no kind *Fate* our *Sex* from *Censure* free?
 Must ill-bred *Satyrs* chase us through the *World*,
 And shall no *Thunder* at the *Slaves* be hurl'd?
Ye Gods! how long shall injur'd *Virtue* groan?
 How long shall *Innocence* be trampil'd on?
 Shall a bold *Scribling Fop* whose *Head* contains,
 A *Thousand Maggots* for One *Dream of Brains*,
 In *Doggrel* *Rime*, and much more *Doggrel* *Sense*,
 Vomit *six Pen'worth* of *Inpertinence*;
 Thrust it abroad, and in a *Stile* not common,
 Call it forsooth ---- *A Satyr against Woman*?
 A pretty *Title* ---- sure the *Book* must sell,
 Cries a *Clapt-Spark*, and likes it wondrous well,
 Another *Laughs*, and *Snuffling* in the *Nose*,
E'gad (says he) the *Subject's* rarely chose;
 A third, --- but hold, the *Slaves* I must *Ingage*,
 Inspire me *Juno* with a *Womans* *Rage*,

B

A

A Rage like that, when you by Spyes were told,
 How finely *Jupiter* intreagu'd with *Gold*;
 Or when the shape of *Bull* and *Swan* put on,
 To get some Mortal *Maiden-Head* was gon:
 Assist dear *Goddeſs*, teach me how to write,
 Inform my *Satyr* when, and where to bite,
 That all the Race of lewd inconstant *Men*,
 May curse the time they rous'd a *Woman's Pen*,
 'Tis done,--- a glowing heat my Breast inspires,
Revenge inflames me with its eager fires;
 Oh were the Race of *Mankind* in my Power,
 By all my Hopes, they should not live an hour,
 By Heaven *Caligula*, 'twas bravely done,
 To wish all Necks in *Rome* were shrunk to one,
 That at one blow they might receive their Fate.
 Yet *Cæſar*, you were moderate in your hate,
 A part of *Mankind*, at your rage would fall,
 But mine, (*would Heaven would grant it*) flies at all.

Fear not my *Muse* the *Monster* to engage,
 But slight the passes of a *Scribler's Rage*,
 What tho' he struts in big affected Notes,
 You know the *Muses* still wear Petticoats,
 Those *Darling Shees*, their *Sexes Cause* will own,
 Shall *Angel-Woman*, be by *Man* o'rethrown?
 ---*Man* the ignoble word of Tell-tale-fame,
 My Paper blisters as I write the Name,
Man, must I then the hated Name rehearse,
Lord! how it stains my Ink and spoils my Verse,
Man, by some angry God in passion hurl'd
 Down, as a Plague to vex the *Female World*.

A Spirit of Air and Flame may be withstood,
But who can shun a *Devil* of flesh and blood?

Man! hold my *Muse*, thy Epithets give o're,
A Nobler Task will soon employ thy Store.

Expose the Wretch in all his vicious Shapes,
Trace him through all Disguises, all Escapes.

For tho' his Vices are become his Trade,
Yet Vice will sometimes Act in Masquerade.

Let no fond pity thy resentments spare,
Let nought of *Woman* make the Lash forbare;

Let him be *Fop*, *Pimp*, *Cully*, *Fool*, or *Knave*,
Lash till he fly for shelter to the Grave:

That undeluded Females may be shown,
What a choice Creature 'tis they dote upon.

Nature has scarce wrote *Man* upon his Chin;
But strait to Love the Stripling does begin.

Tho' what it is he understands no more,

Then *Sailors* did the *Compass* heretofore.

Whether the *Play-house*, *Church*, or *Boarding-School*,

Did with a *Mistress* furnish the young *Fool*,

We cannot tell—but one at last is found,

Whose Charms the Heart of young *Philander* wound;

The Trifle humbly at her Feet he lays,

And as the Way of Courtship now a days:

Some *Present*—for a Bribe does slyly use,

So by a Gift—his want of Gifts excuse;

And that his Plots be more securely laid,

He gets an Interest in the *Chamber-maid*;

But if from's Vows she turns her Scornful Eyes,

And with disdain his formal Courtship flies;

A Lunatick transform'd he then dispairs,
 Looks wild, storms, rages, and devoutly swears,
 That if his *Sylvia* sends another Frown,
 Himself, himself, the Wretch himself will drown
 Before th' arrival of the next days Sun,
 And the next Tavern sees the *Business* done.
 Follow my *Muse*, you may if not too Clamorous,
 In a *Red-Sea* of *Claret* find *Sr. Amorous*.
 Where powerful Love, yields to more powerful *Wine*,
 And prompts his Fancy to some new Design :
 His former *Mistress* like a Cast-off-Suit,
 Thrown by ----- another does his Heart recruit,
 To whom obliging Nature has been kind,
 In all the Gifts of *Body* and of *Mind*,
 Nor must her Fortune be forgot behind ;
 With her he uses all the little Arts,
 Invented to surprize unguarded Hearts.
 No Treats are wanting that may bribe her Sense,
 And to her Heart convey soft Love from thence.
 To Balls and Plays she's daily usher'd in,
 Tell me St. *Jame's Park* how oft you've seen ;
 The perjur'd Wretch conduct her through the *Grove*,
 And whisper Tales of his pretended Love.
 How oft he kist her hand, and softly swore,
 That she, and none but she he could adore,
 When the same time he Ogl'd at a Whore.
 His vig'rous Courtship overcomes the *Fair*,
 She can no longer such brisk Sallyes bear.
 With blushes which too well the Heart discover,
 The cred'lous *Phillis* owns her self a Lover.

Which

Which mighty Secret when the *Wretch* has known,
Retires, and all his Passion does disown.

Disown't said I? ----- Ah certainly he'd none;

And 'tis a part of his Diversion made,
To tell the World how th' *Fair One* was betray'd,
Your *Thunder-Gods!* to strike the Villain dead.

O could my *Pen* dart *Lightning* at the Slave,
A fate deserv'd his Perjuries should have:
But a Curst Impotence attends me still,
And Men must for the Deed accept the Will;
But yet to show how far a Womans Passion
Exceeds that modish *Raillery* now in fashion.

For once let cheated *Ariadne* speak,
And if you any sense of Shame partake:
Know perjurd *Men*, 'twill make your Hearts to ake.

And will oblige our injurd Sex to know it,
The Story's true, no Matter who's the Poet.

When *Thesus* false by nnexpected Theft,
Had *Adriadne* on black *Naxos* left,
By him and his kind Sex expos'd a Prey:
To *Wolves* and *Tygers* milder *Beasts* than they,
Long her low Love and Natures servile Chain,
Her just, her pious Curses did restrain:
But when far off his Perjur'd Gally flies,
And rising Mountains screen her following Eyes.
All *Women* in her's banish'd by despair,
Leaving a brave dreadful *Angel* there;
Thus did She all his treacherous Sex ingage,
And thus curst on, inspir'd with heav'nly Rage.

Fly Villain, Monster, Traytor, if I can,
I'll call thee more than all, I'll call thee *Man*.

Man.

Man---Natures blush medly of lust and *Blood*,
 All *Man*---degen'rate from thy native Mudd,
 Pure sedement of *Chaos*, *Devil* all o're.
 Thy self, thy self, what need I call thee more;
 Perjur'd and treach'rous, Monstrous, and ingrate,
 Deadly's your Love, more deadly than your Hate.
 Your charming *Eyes* are those which have betray'd,
 A tame, an easie, fond believing *Maid*.
 Find me one Wretch in all your hellish-bands,
 Whose Tongue han't done more Murders than his Hands.
Crocodile are your tears, Sly silent lyes,
Hyena's Voice, and *Cockatrices Eyes*,
Angels before you've cheated us, and then,
 The Cloven-foot peeps out, and you'r all *Devils* agen.
 When I my own weak Soul and Sex review,
 I hate my self and them as much as you.
 Why has black Destiny oblig'd us thus,
 To dote upon a Mortal-*Incubus*,
 Oh that I could on the tame fools prevail,
 We'd Dye to make their viprous off-spring fail.
 'Twould be but one curst Age before they fell,
 And moulder'd back into their native *Hell*.

By Heaven, 'twas nobly wisht and bravely thought,
 Were all our Sex with such intentions fraught.
Hell would not long the treacherous Vermine spare,
 For slighted Love who can with patience bear?
 And tho' our *Spark* was Perjur'd once before,
 He'l tick with *Hell* for one false Promise more,
 And a whole Race of feigned Vows run o're.
 No *Woman* shall monopolise his Heart,
 But every *Female* shall pretend a part.

Incon-

Inconstancy the Practic'd Vice of th'Age,
Makes him all *Women* that he sees engage.

One *Woman* takes him with her charming Air,
'Tis 'cause she's *Black*, the other 'cause she's *Fair*.

Now now he dyes for *Sylvias Charming Eyes*,
Till *Celia's* Singing, did his Soul surprize;
His *trifling* heart she for a while possess'd,
Till 'twas remov'd to *Rosalinda's* Breast:

She could not long of her new Treasure boast,
The Skittish thing soon took another Post.

Octavia next would the Gay *Bubble* claim,

But still for *Daphne* he'd a greater flame;

For her he languisht in soft fond desire,

Till *Florimena* set his Heart on fire.

A while indeed he revel'd in her Arms,

But soon was captiv'd with *Almeria's* Charms:

For full six hours she held her *Aiery* Lover,

Till *Arrabella* did new Charms discover:

Her welcome Guest she did not long enjoy,

But *Lydia* was presented with the Toy;

And tho' she'd Magick that might cause it's stay,

Yet *Claristella* becom'd it away:

In two hours time the inclination fled,

And *Belvedira* reign'd in her stead;

As Mistress long she had not bore Command,

But th' Scepter was resign'd to *Flora's* hand

False as the Wind, inconstant as the Weather,

It ran away from her the Lord knows whether.

His Love thus in various Channels cut,
Bold Lust flows in, as fast as Love ebbs out.

Lust

Lust, like a Feind his Soul does haunt and vex,
 Lust, the Familiar *Divel* of the Sex ;
 All sense of Reputation once abhorring,
 He list's himself a Profelyte for Whoring.
 Whoring ---- what pleasures does the sound afford?
 Whoring, that lovely fine delicious Word.
 A Vertuous Woman's troubled with ill Nature,
 But yet a Whore's a most obliging Creature :
 With her he all his broken Vows repeats,
 With her he values no expence in Treats.
 What ever her fond Appetite can crave,
 'Tis but to ask, and she as soon shall have.
 The *Park* and *Play-house* see 'em still together,
 And he's her *Cully* for all sorts Weather ;
 And tho' some years before the *Nothing* fled,
 Yet he'll be thought to have her *Maiden-head*.
 A vicious constancy he now will own,
 And is not weary of her Service grown ;
 While in her La, th' enchanted Cocks-comb roks,
 She lovingly requites him with a P ----

But hold a while m' unwary head-strong Muse,
 In taxing *Men* I my one Sex Accuse.
 The Dart which at the other Sex was thrown,
 Recoils with all it's force upon our own :
 And while the *Cully* I would fain explore,
 In lively Colours I display the *Whore*.
 Like *Sampson's* *Foxes* tail to tail they'r ty'd,
 And who the Loving couple would divide?
 Yet this for *Jilts* must in excuse be said,
 'Twas false, base treach'rous *Man* that them betray'd.

And

And if some Hellish arts and tricks they know,
To you kind Men, they all their Knowledge owe,
They were not Devils till you made 'em so.

From *Fluxing* or from private *Hot-house* come,
For our last mentioned *Cully* make some Room.
Who tho' severely chastened for his Sins,
His much lov'd trade of Whoring soon begins.
So Flud-gates which have long stopt water-course,
When opened make it fly with greater force.
Not virtuous Ladies in his Lust he'd spare,
Did not their Frowns make the bold Wretch forbear.
His Lust all manner of distinction Dam's,
'Twixt *Country-mt-brown*, or fine *Court Madams*,
Ugly or *handsome*, *fair*, *black*, *brown*, or *yellow*,
Tall, *short*, *fat*, *lean*, he swears she's not her fellow.
Abroad he fastens upon all he meets,
The Sexes common *Scare-crow* in the Streets.
Where Widdows, Wives, and Maids, he boldly seizes,
Ones Breast, and t'others Hand he rudely squeezes,
But if he finds 'em civil or not right,
Dam 'em, says he, they're *Virtuous* out of spite.
He roves not long till some kind *Jenny* pass,
And she with him takes one refreshing Glass.
Some paultry *Chink* to tempt her he'll expose,
And she on him a swinging *Clap* bestows.
Who in few days finding his old Guest come;
At some *Quack-Doctors* takes a private Room.
The *Quacks* those lewd Imposters of the times,
Fam'd for their *Pills*, their *Spirits*, and their *Rhimes*.

With promis'd hopes, expecting Fops betray,
 And send them more Distemper'd thence away,
 Cull'd of their Health, and cheated of their Pay.
 Death through the Town is scatter'd in their Bills,
 And Execution swallow'd with their Pills.
 'Twould blast a modest Muse t'approach too near,
 A Dire Infection stains the neighbouring Air.
 Here draw the Veil and let the Wretches lie,
 Cursing the effects of their base Leachery.

What Gaudy thing from China or Japan,
 Is this appears?—it cannot sure be Man.
 And yet it talks, and looks, and walks like one,
 Of those we call the modish Sparks o'th Town.
 Man's the least part about him that appears,
 Sure he was got between some *Tailors* Shears.
 Oh what a breadth, what mighty Port he bears;
 A dozen Farms upon his back he wears.
Poynt de venee must now adorn his Knees;
 Whose Ancestors wore nought but homely Frieze.
 In a long *Wigg* must out *Sr. Tandy* strut;
 Whose Father wore the old *Genevieve*-cut.
 Dressing himself till noon the Fop must be,
 The *Royal Sovereigns* sooner rigg'd than he.
 Each day he spends some hours before the Glass,
 To make himself a most accomplisht *Ass*.
 Studies new Smiles and Cringes when alone,
 And practices abroad what there was done;
 Pride is the *Mistress* he does hourly serve,
 His Ear is bor'd and he must never swerve:

Pride

Pride, which to learn the *Woman* but begin,
 In *Men* is grown a most habitual Sin.
 Along the *Park* methinks I see him pass,
 With formal steps he traverses the *Grass*;
 If any *Ladies Eyes* but toward him move,
 He thinks, (*Vain Fool*), that they're with him in Love.
 But if th' advance, and to him come but nigh,
 He gives 'em the kind squint and passes by;
 Indeed he does it most Judiciously.
 Then *Spanish Smush*, to *Modish Nose* is put,
 At which *Perfum'd Handkerchief's* drawn out;
 T'adjust some bold disorder in the Face,
 And put the *Chin-patch* in its proper place.
 Then hum's a Tune and passing through the *Streets*
 With his dear Friend, the brisk *Sr. Fopling* meets;
 With open Arms they embrace—Dear *Jack* how is't?
 Welcome from *France*, and then I think they kist.
 What news from *Paris*, are the *Ladies* fine,
 Shall we at *Lockess Ordinary* Dine.
 What Novels, Songs, or Fashions hast brought over,
 Are th' *Ladies Kind*, I prithee *Jack* discover?
 And thus does more Impertinence run threw,
 Then ever Gossips at a *Christning* knew.

Nay—tis not all his *Huffing* shall excuse,
 The *Bully* from the lash of angry *Muse*;
Bully how great is th' Mouth the *Account* sounds;
Bully who nothing breaths but *Bl—d* and *W—nds*;
 Some *Div* did sure on Nature act a Rape,
 And his own likeness get in humane shape;

More Oaths and Curses nor the Damned Vow,
 Than from the *Bullies Brimstone-Lungs* are sent.
 The *Divel* himself is all amaz'd to see,
 A Wretch more impiously bold than he;
 Hee for one daring Act was sent to *Hell*,
 But th' others loud G--d D--me's who can tell?
 Like *Tom a Bedlam* he invades the Streets,
 And Quarrels, Huffs, and Fights with all he meets.
 But if that one whose valour scorns to stoop,
 To Noise and Nonsense, take the Villain up;
 And satisfaction for th' Affront demand,
 Sr. *Fright* all lowers his *Top-sail* to your hand:
 Your Pardon Sr. says he, I must request,
 By G---I thought you'd understood a jest,
 His *Bilboe* sheath'd he decently retires,
 Tutor to young raw *Fops* and Country *Squires*.

Would you my *Muse* of *Hell* the Picture view,
 And what distracted Looks the *Damned* show;
 Go to some Gaming-Ordinary where,
Shamwell and *Cheerly* and such Rooks repair,
 To sharp the *Citty-Prigg* or Country *Heirod*,
 Oaths loud as *Thunder*, shake the trembling room,
 And pointed Curses sign each others Doom.
 The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and all the Ills that fall,
 On wretched Mortals on themselves they call;
 While they by the uncertain chance of *Dice*,
 Loose Mannours, Lands, and Lordships in a trice,
 And what Old *Gripe-well*, Scores of years was getting,
 Is lost at *Hexard* in an hours sitting.

The.

The loss of *Guiney* proves the loss of sense;
 For against Chance how can there be Defence.
 Anger, Dispair and Fury fill the Face;
 And *Passion* juddes *Reason* out of Place.
 At last a Wretch with whom the *Furies* dwell,
 Is by a fatal thrust dismiss'd to Hell.
 T'inform old *Nick*, that all the rest agree,
 Shortly to come and bear him Company.

The keeping Spark should next have been expos'd;
 But that's a Text, has one great *Poet* pos'd,
 A *Satyr* cannot fright him into shame,
 Whose Presence damnd the well-wrote *Lambertham*.
 I might have told what Arts and Tricks are laid,
 T'insnare the virtuous young unthinking Maid.
 What sly decoys are us'd t'entrap the Fair;
 What trusty Pimp did in the Office share;
 What Rev'rend *Bards* made use of to entice,
 The Fair One's liking of that modish Vice:
 How she at last is guided to his Arms;
 Where Victor like he triumphs in her Charms.
 How long she does the *Airy Title* hold;
 And how her Joys are scarce a Twelvemonth old,
 Before kind *Keeper* takes another *Miss*;
 But sad experience knows too much of this.

My Task were endless, I should never stop;
 Were I oblig'd t'expose each sort of *Fop*.
 The rambling *Fop* from *France* but newly come,
 That went out sound and brought Diseases home.

The

The squeamish *Fop* so nice in all things grows,
 Sr. *Courtly* has his fellow *Fools* in Town;
 The *Lazy Fop* that lyes a Bed till Noon,
 And wonders how he chanc'd to rise so soon;
 The *Fop* which does to business make pretence,
 Yet never guilty known of two much Sense;
 The *Citty Fop* that modish would appear,
 And puts on Sword and Wig at *Temple-bar*;
 The cringing *Fop* that does to all Men bow;
 The *flapping Fop*, that lives the Lord knows how;
 The noisie *Fop* would talk a Man to death,
 The swearing *Fop*, that lives on perjurd Breath:
 But hold—I might as well attempt to show
 What various Weeds on Banks of *Nile* grow;
 What sorts of Monsters *Africa* Defarts bear;
 As tell how many sorts of *Fops* there are;
 We need not long be puzzled how to call Men,
 For *Fop* is grown a common Name for all Men.

Forgetful *Muse*, that 'mongst the Slaves that vex,
 And daily torture our too harmless Sex,
 You should forget that hateful Plague of Life,
 Husband, the *Constant Jaylor of a Wife*,
 Husband—the curst allotment of our Fate,
 Husband the thing, that of all things we hate;
 Fops plague us but by turns, and then they've done,
 But *Husband's* Plagues are ever but begun;
 And tho' each Day, we wish the Slavery done,
 We find our Chains as constant as the Sun.

If *Jealousie*, that Maggot of the Pace,
 Possess the *Sir*, how violent is his Hate?
 What curst Suspicious haunt his tortur'd Mind,
 And make him look, for what he would not find?
 To th' *Looking-Glass* he dare not cast an Eye,
 For fear he should his *fine-brown antlers* Spy,
 Nothing but Females must 'th' house appear,
 And not a *Dog* or *Cat* that's Male be there:
 Nay least th' unhappy *Wife* should have her Longings,
 He cuts out all the Men i th' *Tapstry-Hangings*:
 If but a harmless Letter to her's sent,
 He'll make it own woe worse than e're it meant,
 And e're the Letter from his hands be cast,
 He'll make it speak some deadly Crime at last.
 In a curst Garret cloyster'd up for life,
 Lives *Female-Innocence* miscall'd a *Wife*,
 Deny'd those Pleasures are to *Virtue* granted,
 Yet by the *Devil* of a *Husband* haunted,
 For a Release, she cannot hope nor pray,
 Till milder Death take him, or her away,
 If her she's happy--and if him she's blest,
 Till to her Arms she take a second Guest:
 But where's a Woman of all Sense so void of sense,
 Won't shun--How not the *Widow* who's been senseless,
 That Gulph wherein she'd like t've been destroy'd.

If Beauty, Wit, or Complaisance could do?
 Her's Woman that can all these Wonders shew:

Beauty

Beauty that might new *Fire* to *Hermits* lend,
 And *Wit* which serves that *Beauty* to defend,
 When courted, she did *Wonders* with her *Charms*,
 Till *Perseus* conjur'd her to *Husband Arms*,
 And tho' the same *Perfections* still remain,
 Yet nothing now can the *Dull Creature* gain,
 No looks can win him, nor no smiles invite;
 The *Wretch* does her, and her *Endearments* flight;
 And leaves those *Graces* which he should adore,
 To dote upon some ugly *Suburb* *Bore*,
 While poor neglected *Spouse* remains at home,
 With discontent and *Sorrow* overcome.
 No *Prayers* nor *Tears*, nor all the *Virtuous Arts*,
 Which *Women* use to tame *Rebellious Hearts*,
 Can the *Incorrigible Husband* move,
 And make him own his once so promis'd *Love*,
 Consider, *Lord!* 'twill make his *Head* grow giddy,
 He says he is not yet for *Bedlam* ready,
 But the next time that you thro' *London* pass,
 Through *Graces* you'll see the living *Spend-All's* *Face*,
 And 'twill some *Pleasure* be the *Wretch* to *Clew* him
Angling for single *Money* in a *Shew*.

Tell me you grave *Disputers* of the *Schools*,
 You *Learned Cocks-Combs*, and you well-read *Fools*,
 You that have told us *Man* must be our *Head*,
 And made *Dame Nature* *Pimp* to what you've said.
 Tell me when *Husband* drencht in *Claret* reels,
 And slips by *Morgan* of his treach'rous *Heels*,

That

That *Head* he has we all confess and own,
But what's the *Head*, when once the *Sense* is gon?

Oh! she's a happy, too too happy *Bride*,
That has a *Husband* Snoring by her side:
Belching out *Fumes* of undigested *Wine*,
And lyes all night like a good natur'd *Swine*:
Whose *Snoring* serves for *Musick* to her *Ears*;
And keeps true *Consort* with her silent *Tears*:
That can himself no more than *Chaos* move,
And still neglects the great *Affair* of *Love*.
She may indeed assume the *Name* of *Wife*,
But others know she's but a *Nurse* for *Life*.

A *Drunken Husband* may pretend good *Nature*:
But here's a *Sullen Matrimonial Creature*;
Will, and will not, will ask, and will deny;
Is peevish, Cross, and cannot tell for why.
Not one kind look he will to Spouse afford,
Not one kind Smile, perhaps not one kind Word.
All the obliging Arts that she can use,
To reconcile this angry peevish Spouse;
Avail no more, than if she took delight,
In washing Bricks, or swarthy *Negro's* white.
Lions and *Tygers* Men have learnt to tame,
Retaining nothing frightful but their Name:
With low submission have their *Keepers* own'd,
And trembled when their *Masters* have but frown'd.
But *Man*, unruly *Man*, that *Beast* of *Reason*,
'Gainst *Woman* still continues in his *Treason*:

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No

No Charms his damn'd ill nature can release,
Satan, must only Satan Dispossess!

Are these ye Gods, the Sovereigns we must own?
Must we before these golden Calves bow down?
Forgive us Heaven if we renounce the Elves,
We'll make a Common Wealth among our selves;
Where by the Laws, that we shall then Ordain,
We'll make it Capital to mention Man.
Man, we'll for ever banish from our sight,
Not talk by day, nor think of them by night:
We'll shun their Courtship, as we'd do the Plague,
And loath 'em more, than they a toothless Hagg;
'Tis not their Sighs, their Cringeing nor their Prayers,
Their supple Whinings, nor their treach'rous Tears:
That shall one kind Return forever gain;
But when t'oblige us they've done all they can.
We'l laugh, deride, and scorn the Foppish Sex;
And wrack Invention for new Ways to vex.
Till they to shun us prompted by Dispair,
Or drown themselves, or Hang in cleanly Air.
Thus when to Hell by Shoals the Men are hurld,
Women will Reign as Monarchs of the World.

But if amongst us there should chance to be,
One silly fond regardless foolish *Sue*;
That spite of all our *Envoys* will maintain,
A League with that detested Creature *Man*;
Good Counsel first shall strive to bring her off;
But if the Fool will that good method scuff;

We'll

We'll try what next our heavy Threatnings do;
 But her Curst Treasons, if she still pursue.
 If she the freedom of her Sex will leave,
 And love a Wretch she knows that will deceive?
 From pitty we'll exempt the Female Sot;
 That wretched thing, a *Husband* be her Lot.
 Jealous by Day, and Impotent by Night;
 Have neither shape nor Mein to please the sight.
 Diseas'd in *Body* and Deform'd in *Soul*,
 Conceited, Proud, yet all the while a *Fool*.
 Poor to a Proverb, Lazy, yet as Poor,
 And still want Credit for to run on Score.
 May she with him spin out a tedious *Life*;
 Blest with that much admir'd Title *Wife*.
 And may no *Female* better *Fate* partake,
 That dares profain, the wholsom *Laws* we make.

F I N I S.
